

White Sheets, Bright Lights by red_crate

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Summary:

Billy feels like that's what they keep doing—crashing together and pulling away like the waves on the shore.

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Author's Note:

I have a lot of feeling a about these two boys.

“Give me one of those,” Harrington demands when he steps out onto the cramped balcony attached to their hotel room.

Billy thinks about telling him to fuck off, because he's only got three left in the pack. He takes a long drag of his cigarette, not looking over at Harrington. After the other boy joins him where he's leaning against the railing, Billy hands over the mostly empty pack. He exhales when their fingers brush.

Harrington mutters, “Thanks.” He taps Billy's hip where the lighter must have fallen out of the pack and into the recesses of his pocket. “Got a light?”

Billy turns toward him finally, putting a sliver of space between them so he can breathe. “God, you're a bum.”

He finds his lighter though.

Harrington has the unlit cigarette between his lips. Shrugging, he points out, “I'm paying for the room.”

Billy flicks his Zippo open and closed, taunting Harrington just a little. His gaze slides over Harrington's pink shoulders towards the horizon where the sky bleeds red and purple. They spent the day on the sand and in the water. He can still feel the slick slide of Harrington's skin under his hands from where he tackled him into the water. Thumb on the little metal wheel, Billy ignites the flame.

Harrington hesitates for a second, but then he's shuffling closer, leaning forward so the end of his cigarette meets the fire. Billy cups his free hand to protect the flame as Harrington takes a pull until the cherry is lit. The light and shadows dance over his face, big brown eyes looking liquid when he glances up at Billy, stepping back to a

safe distance.

Billy feels like that's what they keep doing—crashing together and pulling away like the waves on the shore.

Harrington folds an arm along the railing, settles in, and smokes like he was invited.

So Billy leans in and tries not to measure the distance between them. He stares at the ocean, at the sea foam building along the tide. The sun slips below the ocean leaving the world dark and somehow smaller. Feels like it's just Billy and Harrington and the ocean.

He flicks the butt of his cigarette over the railing.

“You didn't have to invite me along.” The words push past his lips before he realizes he's talking. This whole weekend he hasn't really understood why they asked him to come along, standing in their cheap graduation dresses looking fragile and sweaty. Harrington had pushed even when it was Wheeler and her brittle smile leading. None of it feels real.

He shouldn't be as comfortable around them, around Harrington, as he feels. There's gotta be a catch.

Harrington exhales smoke from his nose, practiced and curling like a demon. He says, “You're part of this.”

It's cryptic as fuck, but the mood and tone settles over Billy. It just is .

Billy watches him take another drag, watches the shape of his salt chapped lips. He swears he can hear the gentle hiss even over the waves below them.

He goes to bed early, still dressed in his trunks and no shirt. He doesn't even have the bruises, faded and yellow, he had when he walked across the stage. Just tan skin and the chain around his neck.

Harrington goes to the other room to hang out with Byers and Wheeler. He invited Billy for that too, but Billy doesn't want to get

drunk off wine coolers and talk about the future or whatever they want to talk about.

He doesn't want another excuse to want Harrington.

Doesn't matter though, because soon he's waking up to the creak of the hotel room door opening. Harrington is slipping into the room and into Billy's bed.

"You awake?" He asks in a hushed tone.

Billy thinks about ignoring him, but he can't and doesn't want to. "No."

Harrington smiles, Billy is pretty sure. "Good, then you can't tell me to fuck off."

They're curled on their sides, facing each other in a bed too small for two eighteen year-old guys. Knees touch and breath mingles, and Billy wants to be closer.

The silence stretches, just the quiet and constant roar of wind and waves in the distance.

He's drifting off with the rhythm of their hearts, but a warm touch pulls him back.

Harrington's long fingers and capable knuckles brush over Billy's cheek.

He stares at Harrington, at the little worry wrinkle between his eyebrows like he's not even sure what he's doing either. Billy can't find it in himself to resist the flow of gravity tugging him along.

Maybe he's not the only one anyway.

The kiss is like a sigh of relief, soft and deep. Lips against lips and the taste of release. Billy opens his mouth, and Harrington makes a small noise.

They crash together, no space or fight between them. Hands and knees slotting and pushing together until skin slides against skin,

sweaty and slick. Teeth and tongue and Billy's rolling until his stomach is exposed, giving it up.

Harrington is above him, face reflecting the dim light of the moon through the sliding door. It feels good, and Billy was never very good at denying himself for very long. Even when he should.

“Are you awake?” He asks, fingers slipping along the slope of Harrington’s chest, following the line of barely there hair trailing down, down, down.

Harrington leans down, answer spoken against Billy's lips. “No.”

Billy swallows up the word and replies against the secret underside of Harrington’s chin, soft and tender, “Good.”

Author's Note:

Title from "Is There Somewhere" by Halsey

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